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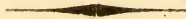
C. Mortimer & Son



**NAHANT,**

OR

**“THE FLOURE OF SOUVENANCE.”**



**PHILADELPHIA:**

**H. C. CAREY AND I. LEA—CHESNUT STREET.**

—  
1827.

MS. 827. H. 254

FRANCO

B. H.

Dec 2, 1872

a.

*Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit :*

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the 7th day of February, in the fifty-first year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1827, H. C. Carey and I. Lea, of the said district, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit :

Nahant, or "The Floure of Souvenance."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, intituled "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned." And also to the act entitled, "An Act supplementary to an act, entitled, 'An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching, historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,  
*Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.*



WILL my honoured and distinguished

CASTILIAN FRIEND,

Whose talents and acquirements I admire as highly as I value her friendship, reject this simple tribute of my grateful recollection of her, which I humbly lay at her feet?

*January, 1827.*



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*Fredk. E. M. Spearman.*

NAHANT,

OR

“THE FLOURE OF SOUVENANCE.”

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—— High on the sea-girt shore  
It reared its turrets proud!

ONE bright and lovely evening, I mounted my gallant palfrey, with the intention of visiting that centre of attraction, that sea-girt peninsula, where, against the barrenness of rocks, the song of pleasure is heard, and where the eternal murmur of the ocean's waves is mingled with the soft notes of those instruments, which ornament the halls of the gay, and the rich, and the fashionable, as if to contrast the luxurious enjoyments of refined society, with the sublime voice of the Ocean, that magnificent representative of the Deity, in His duration and unchangeableness.

The air was soft and odorous ; the heavens were radiant with a beautiful autumnal light, but I thought the way was long and dreary ; the road was almost deserted, and scarcely a passing traveller interrupted my meditations.

I said to myself, it is the Temple of Circe, to which I am hastening, (perhaps to decide my future destiny,) but it stands not on a flower covered lawn ; no “sweet south,” filled with spicy odours, sweeps through its arches ; no garlands of flowers, no vases of rich plants, no perfumes, no pictures, no statues decorate its halls ; no parterres of roses, and violets, and myrtles, and jessamines, surround this temple of love ;—but the ocean, with its wild music, and high and barren rocks, mark the spot, where young hearts go to pour forth, perhaps, the *first* notes of passion. It must be a dangerous place, said I, and I will just look at the revellers in their halls, and then fly. Yes, it must be a dangerous spot, for the young, the impassioned, and the lonely to meet ;—all the blandishments of wealth, all the seductions of luxury and fashion, the witchery of music, and the splendours of genius, could not

awaken in a sensitive heart, *such* emotions, as are kindled by the deep, low music of the waves, by a view of the ocean in its lone, but boundless grandeur; by the stillness of Nature, by the soft, melting moonlight, which lends a magic to every object over which it gleams;—for in such beautiful loneliness, the heart, perhaps, for the first time, sighs for the presence of that one, who is to be its rainbow of promise;—it feels, perhaps, for the first time, the necessity of being beloved! There is the purity and the happiness of Heaven in that emotion, and those who wish not to have it revealed, must not follow the path I was pursuing; at least, so I thought then!

What delight I felt, when I first beheld that long, smooth, white, moon-lit sand beach!—It looked like a beautiful mirror, stretched out to receive the smiles and kisses of sea nymphs; the murmur of the waves was scarcely audible; the ocean reposed in queen-like majesty; no breath of wind, no sound disturbed the sublime stillness of Nature's devotions.—I dismounted, and throwing the reins over the neck of my courser, walked upon the beach: it

was a glowing and a glorious sight, and I could have knelt there, with feelings of deep devotion; with a sentiment more worthy of Heaven, than I ever felt, kneeling at any altar raised by the hand of man.

There is something beautiful and godlike in that involuntary homage of the soul, which is called forth by the solemn silence of Creation; there is inspiration in those emotions, which reveal to the spirit, not only the religion and poetry of Nature, but of the *heart*. They pass away, it is true, but they leave a lovely freshness behind; they irrigate the heart over which they pass, and they leave a bright and refreshing impression on the memory.

After an hour of solitary, intellectual enjoyment, I rode on; I passed some pretty looking cottages, but Sans Souci sent forth a blaze of light, and reining in my steed, I heard the gay revellers in the illumined hall. "*Peter,*" and "*Williams,*" here! I exclaimed; oh! curse them! oh! the tyranny of fashion; and the folly of her slaves!

I entered the halls, where I had expected to find the lovely, the beautiful, and the gay, assembled, disrobed of the gorgeousness of fashion, and in the simplicity of rural costume; I thought to find the young and enthusiastic, yielding themselves up to the delightful overflowings of their hearts, gaily loitering on the rocks, carolling the song of pleasure to their attendant knights; and those, who had outlived the brilliant period of romance, I thought would be there, to enjoy the rational pleasures of social converse. The rooms were gaily decked and lighted; violins, tambourines, and drums echoed through them, and the ladies dressed in full ball costume, were dancing lightly and merrily. No simple garlands, twined of wild flowers, crowned their heads, but flowers, manufactured by *Nicollati*, and perfumed by *Richardson*, lent their artificial brilliancy to the loveliest of Nature's works; feathers, laces, and gauzes, were displayed in all their richness and variety; the same, perhaps, which I had paid homage to, at many holy-day balls before. Matrons, in gay attire, not weary of a winter's campaign of light amusements, were there. She, whose elegant and dignified manners, united to

courtly grace, and persuasive eloquence, and a mind stored with the treasures of literature, commanded the respect and homage of all who approached her, was there ;—she sleeps now with the cold dead, but my memory honours her, and my heart retains a recollection of her, as of some pure and holy being who was not of this world. She too was there, who has reigned Empress of Beauty in her own east, and has received homage at foreign courts ;—she, of imperial mien, and gazelle eyes, and many before whose shrines genius and valour had bowed, were there ;—she, of flaxen locks, and eyes of blue, whose light and graceful figure ranks her with fairies, smiled placidly on the scene before her ;—there was one there, but it boots not to tell whence she came, whose cheek was deadly pale, but the cold, proud majesty of her figure, and the singular indifference of her manner, seemed to say, the spirit within is calm ; but I thought, do not the waves of the ocean often *look* tranquil, after the storm has swept in fury over them :—there was one there, who sat alone ; her dress was oriental ; she looked at the crowd, but her thoughts were not there.



Fair Florence would have honoured her genius, and Canova would have delighted to have immortalized it; but there it had no worshippers. Many ladies high of birth, and with captivating smiles, from distant cities, were there;—I particularly remarked one, from the beautiful city of Athens, (for so I have heard that southern cradle of the arts and of letters called,) and I said, if she is a fair representative of its daughters, well may she bear that proud name; her insinuating grace and elegance, were only equalled by the bland courtesy of manner which distinguished him, who had the happiness to call her his; and he would have graced the brightest age of Chivalry.

Statesmen, men of talents and of power, *Cicero* and *Demosthenes*, were there. He, whom the Roman Senate would have honoured, stood proudly pre-eminent, and looked like a fit representative of a free and powerful country, colossal in the might of his intellect. I shall never forget the light and expressive smile that beamed over his dark features, as he looked at the fantastic group before him; and who, that ever saw those eyes, which are full of the

light and depth of genius, ever forget them? *Isocrates*, he, whose courtier-grace, and rich flow of harmonious expressions, captivates all hearts, was there;—*Lysias*, he, whose eloquence is like the magic of Orpheus' lyre, whose sunny smile is like the genius of that classic land, whose temples and whose shrines he has visited, was there;—and he, whose genius is like the Maelstrom, desolating his own beautiful feelings, was there too, but *he* mingled not with the revellers; he stood alone, proud and lofty in his desolation!

*Juvenal* was there, and clad in sable. Gods! what a cold, scornful smile curled his lip, as he gazed at those around him;—he folded his arms, and leaned carelessly over the chair of a lady, who looked like one of Guido's prettiest, fairest pictures. I did not hear, but I imagined, that the wisdom of Aristotle flowed from his lips when he addressed her.

Many gay and gallant chevaliers were there, tight laced, in white gloves, and perfumed 'kerchiefs, contending for the honour of the maidens' smiles. The *Belvidere* was there, and I thought-if beauty gave

strength to youth, then *he* might meet the world in arms. Nobles and courtiers from foreign lands were there also; and I thought as I looked around me, who can wonder that the monster of the deep, who has remained for ages where no mortal eye hath seen him, should now come forth from his palace of coral and shells of pearl, to amuse the beautiful, the learned, the wise, the eloquent, and the noble, when they have assembled on the very borders of his ocean territory.

I placed myself by the side of her, whose unique appearance and costume had attracted my attention, and whom I have already mentioned. The tones of her voice were sad, but her mind and imagination were like an Italian sky, all light, and glow, and richness. When I saw her so alone, I said, this is no more the atmosphere for genius, than that of *Russia* would be for an exotic, that had basked under a tropical sun; prejudice dooms those to obscurity, whose claims are not supported by birth and rank, even if they have the most delightful talents; and America is not *yet* the nurse of that high born genius, which marks out for itself a new

and free course ; when she exchanges the worship of Plutus for that of Apollo, she will be, but she is not yet.

I expressed to her my disappointment and nervous irritation, in finding that wild solitude, transformed into an Armedian palace, where the arts and seductions of beauty and fashion reigned triumphant. “I fled from brick walls, paved streets, and ‘conversaciones,’ to breathe the air of heaven, uncontaminated by the smell of lamp oil, and sickly perfumes ; to see the young and the happy, free from the restraints of fashion and prejudice ; but behold, here are the same violins, the same drums, and the same waiters that I thought I had left behind me ; the very paraphernalia of a Beacon street drawing-room.”

She laughed and said, “This is no place for cynics and philosophers ;—fly then to those sea-girt rocks, which respond to the ocean’s voice ; go, kneel on the summit of “Pulpit Rock,” or the Pilgrim’s Shrine, whose perpendicular height has only been climbed by the bold *Adair*, and rouse, by an invo-

cation to old Neptune, that wonder of the deep, who comes to offer annual worship to the lovely and the gay, charmed, perhaps, by the silvery tones of love that float over his watery home;—go, listen to the wild, mournful music which reverberates through the “Grotto,” and the “Swallow’s Cave,” and admire the wonders of the “Spouting Horn;”—fly from these festive halls, if you have no sympathy with the gay and the happy; for *Love* has lighted his torch on many altars, and the cold voice of philosophy will pass unheeded here!”——

“I am no cynic; I love the voice of revelry; I love the smiles of beauty; my heart responds joyfully to the accents of pleasure, but not *here*. No, in this wild, isolated spot, the spirit should be free, the mind should throw off the chains which prejudice, fashion, and custom have forged for it;—the heart should unfold itself confidingly to receive those impressions, which Nature, so enjoyed, would make upon it, and which the enthusiast loves.

“If ‘lovers love the brilliant western star,’ then why do those, whose hearts glow with the impas-

sioned sentiment of love, exchange its soft, pure light, for the dazzling glare of these heated halls?"

"I know not *why*," she replied, "unless it is, that the age of romance, as well as that of chivalry, has gone by!" I bade my fair satirist good night, determined to return to the city, before the moon withdrew her light. I thought I would visit the "pulpit rock," or shrine, to borrow from Nature that tranquillity, of which the artificial parade of pleasure had robbed me. It is a high rock, in the form of a pinnacle, which stands in solitary grandeur, embosomed by the waves; it is difficult of access, and was thought inaccessible, till the fearless Baltimorean placed his card on its summit. I had bounded from rock to rock, delighted with the vividness of my own feelings;—the spray dashed over me, and I felt animated by the coolness and elasticity of the air. I longed for some of those, who I had left behind, to be with me, for I knew there were those there, whose spirits would revel in the dewy freshness of those feelings, which the scene and the hour called forth; but *they* were afraid; ridicule had shafts more powerful than Nature's

charms, and they yielded to it. There was *one* there, who loved the ocean; she loved it, because it brought to her recollections that were hallowed; she wept when she gazed upon it, but her tears were those of a heart, pure in the sight of Heaven. Yet she lingered among the light and heartless crowd, as if she found happiness there, but it was not so.

I had passed rapidly over the rocks, and as I descended the ledge which stretches itself far out into the sea, I saw two persons sitting on an eminence, which presents one of the most extensive and beautiful views. I felt delighted, and said, there are *two* beings at least, to enjoy this lovely night with the enthusiasm of true feeling. I paused; the moonlight fell bright upon them, and they looked as if they alone inhabited the vast solitude before them; but I saw from the smile that beamed from the eyes of the maiden, and from the animation of the graceful youth by her side, that they were happy.

My resolution was suddenly changed, and I deter-

mined not to return that night. I lingered on the rocks, till the lovers parted, and then slept in a pretty white-washed cottage on the hill, and dreamed of beauty and of happiness.

The next day, I visited, with a cicerone, every curious rock, and glen, and cavern, on the shore. I met many ladies in gossamer robes, attended by their knights, paying visits of ceremony; the billiard room was crowded, and every one preserved the same appearance of fashion, town elegance, and etiquette, that I had remarked the night before.

The hour of twilight was the signal for promenading the balconies; but the lovers alone, were loitering on the rocks, like two isolated beings, who felt that *their* happiness was all within their own hearts. I inquired who they were, but no one knew, or cared to tell; I felt a strange interest in them, but why, I knew not. She was pale, but very lovely; she looked scarcely of "Earth's mould," as she stood alone on the rocks, her white robe floating in the wind, gracefully bending forward to watch her lover, who was fishing in the



waters below. I gazed at her, as we gaze at that which we cannot comprehend;—I felt that I had gazed too long, and I mounted my steed, and pursued my way back to the goodly city; but the agitation of my feelings far exceeded the rapidity with which I sped my course.

I returned to seek the society of those elegant and accomplished scholars, who had honoured me with their acquaintance, and to enjoy the kindness of those, whose friendship had been my pride, as well as my delight. I believe there is not to be found in any city in the States, such a choice literary *coterie*, as in that. There are many there, who have travelled through foreign countries, and have returned, enriched with their intellectual treasures; there are those, who have visited the classic shores of Greece and of Italy, who have lived amidst their ruins and their pageants, who have mingled with the *dilettanti* of England, Germany, France, and Spain, and yet have retained the simplicity of their republican principles in their native purity, and whose manners are as simple and as unostentatious as those of the most untravelled.

But do not look for the intellectual graces of the *élite*, neither for a display of their learning and their talents in general society, at balls or at dinners, for you will not find them there; but their beautiful *libraries*, are their *Tusculums*, where learning and genius preside, and if you are admitted within their walls, you may enjoy “the feast of reason, and the flow of soul.”

I have heard it said, that the *Athenians* are the most liberal and extensive patrons of literature and the fine arts in America;—that genius and talents are more freely and generously patronised by them, and that they are more refined, more intellectual, and more classical than any other people in the States, but of that I have yet to judge.

It was a cold evening in September, that I crossed the Chelsea Bridge, with the intention of visiting the happy and respected inmates of that neat, genteel white cottage, which stands at the end of the long poplar avenue on the left, where I have passed some delightful hours with the purest, the most intelligent, and the most gentle beings I have ever

known ; but I had suffered my mind to fall into a musing, melancholy mood, and before I was aware of it, I found myself on the road to the summer home of the Sea Serpent! Every body knows the high, level turnpike road to Salem, for it is as famed as the *Simplon*; and it is, in truth, a smooth and beautiful drive ; and who has not heard of *Lynn*, and its pretty, clear lake, and its numerous *calzolaie*? I had passed through the village without knowing it, so I continued to ride on, believing that an *irresistible* fatality had guided me. It was a cold, dim light, that the moon lent to her worshippers that night, and the beautiful white beach was covered with the tide. The wind was low, but it was hoarse and fitful ; as I ascended the hill, I heard it sweeping over the rocks in loud gusts ; the waters foamed over them, and their eddying undulations, as they played round the thousand cavities that received them, created a beautifully mournful sound.

The halls of Sans Souci were not deserted, but many of the gay and fashionable had fled ; those who remained, were separated into coteries, and books, and music, and games, amused them. I saw

the fair Alice there, but she looked no longer the gay and animated creature I had before seen; she smiled languidly when her gay and thoughtless companions said to her, "do not look so mournful, Alice; Faustino will soon return; he is a true and gallant chevalier, and he will brook no delay." "I know he will return," said she, "but he has perils to encounter, and why should I not tremble for his safety?"

A friend, whom I met there, told me that the graceful and devoted Faustino was by birth an American, though he had passed his childhood in Florence; "but," said he, "his virtues and his talents have been developed in the institutions of his native land; we are proud to claim him as our own, for he possesses all the intellectual and all the moral graces and virtues; he is a proud and a gallant youth, and he loves with all the enthusiasm of religious feeling. He is to embark for Leghorn in two days, to obtain the sanction of his parents to his engagement with Alice Campbell, and why should they not be sad, when the hour of parting is so near?"

“ Alice is an orphan, but she is well born, and her beauty and her virtues render her worthy of a diadem. The impassioned and devoted Faustino, has implored her to seal her vows at the altar, and to go with him to that sunny and beautiful land, where his parents impatiently wait to receive him; but she says to him with the confidence of true love, ‘go, and receive the sanction of your mother, and I am yours ; but without it, never !’ ”

The next evening I was fishing from the rocks, and I heard the voice of Faustino above me, “ Let me give you one more proof of my love, dear Alice, before we part, and let it be the *Floure of Souvenance*, plucked from the summit of that rock, on the desert little island, which lies before us, so desolate on the ocean’s bosom.” “ I require no new proof of your affection, dear Faustino,” replied the maiden, “ but be it as you say.”

He sprung lightly from the rocks on which they stood, and in an instant, the little boat which had been anchored among the rocks below, was floating proudly on the waters. I started from my conceal-

ment, for the shelving ledge had made it so, and seized his arm; "Stranger," said I, "the surf is rolling in, and do not launch that frail bark upon the waters this tide; do you not hear that fearful roar of the ocean which announces a storm at sea." He looked at me, and with a winning smile said, "Friend, *love* and *fear* do not dwell in the same bosom; the tradition that she who receives from the hand of her lover, the Floure of Souvenance, which grows in one lone spot on yonder rocky island, remains for ever constant, leads me to brave the peril you predict; and may the waves bury me in their bosom, if, with a coward's heart, I shrink from obtaining it!"

Only wait for the next tide, I said, imploringly, and I will answer for your safety.

"*The next tide,*" he replied in a suppressed voice, "will bear me far from her, and I must gather it now, or never!"

Then God be with you, I said; and wrapping the silken scarf which Alice had thrown over his neck,

closely around him, he seated himself at the helm, and away he bounded over the foaming waters.

I placed myself on the highest eminence ; I saw the boat touch the rocky shores of the isle ; with my glass, I saw him ascend the summit of the rock ; gaily he bounded over its craggy points ;—the flower was gathered, and he was again seated in the shallop ! The tide and the wind had risen ; the waves dashed high and the surf rolled in ; I trembled more than if my own life were forfeited. Alice stood in the same spot, and her attitude was unchanged ; there was a breathless anxiety, an intenseness of feeling in her very figure, that expressed her fear. I heard her exclaim, “ *My God ! what have I done !* ”

The boat appeared to be receding from the shore, instead of gaining it ; the wind bore it back, but it was guided by the energy of despair ;—the breakers dashed over it, but I saw the blue scarf floating above their blackness ; the surf bore it on ; one more such *flood of foam*, said I, and all is safe ;—the surge rolled in ; it bore on its swell, the flower—but

the boat was buried in its bosom;—I saw the outstretched arm of Faustino, as he threw it towards the shore, and I heard his voice, “Alice, *Forget me not!*” as I caught the sinking maiden in my arms.\* I carried her to the “Cave;” I bathed her cold, white brow with the salt water that was flowing in, but I thought she had ceased to breathe, and I bore her back into the open air.

A party had assembled on the rocks, attracted by the appearance of the boat as it glided from the shore; they had seen it buried in the waves, but they knew not then, who it was, that struggled long and heroically with them. Many of those from whom she had so lately parted, pressed around her; their tears unmanned me, and she would have fallen from my arms, had her friends not received her.—They had her removed gently to the house; I returned to the rocky glen I had left; Nature and my

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\* The Floure of Souvenance, or Forget-me-not, the *Myosotis Scorpioidis*. See Mills’s “History of Chivalry,” one of the most beautifully written and highly interesting works of the present age.



mind had endured all that they were capable of supporting, and amidst the din and roar of the rushing waters, I fell asleep. When I awoke, I started up, and rushed to the shore; I watched there many long and dreary hours; my eyes were fixed on the sea, but I was scarcely conscious, even then, of what it was I sought.

I waited for the next tide; it bore the body of Faustino to the shore; I looked *but once* at the form I had so much admired, and then wrapped it in my cloak; his anxious friends received it from me with deep and uncontrolled lamentations.

Alice had been carried to her home, and Faustino was laid in the cemetery of her village church. We never afterwards met, but my friend, who saw her often, said she sometimes spoke of the stranger who had warned her lover of his fate.

Her mind never recovered its wonted tone, but religion, I was told, had chastened and hallowed her sorrow, though the world was to her as if it were but a vast chaos.

It was twelve months afterwards, one clear, starry night, that I arrived in B——. I hastened to throw off my travelling dress, and when I was refreshed from the fatigues of a hurried journey, I mounted my horse, and rode to the village of M——, seven miles from town. I stopped, as I was crossing the bridge, to admire a simple waterfall, which was gushing over the rocks;—it was a lovely scene; the trees which were bending over a murmuring stream, threw their shadows lightly and gracefully over it, and the music of their leaves seemed harmoniously to respond to its limpid gurglings. I looked around me with a feeling almost of happiness, and I thought, how beautiful it is, for our own emotions to accord so sweetly with the melody of Nature!

As I approached the foot of the hill, I saw a small procession slowly advancing; I threw myself from my horse, and, uncovering my head, waited for it to pass me. I recognized the venerable apostle of God, who preceded it; his mild, pure look, his light figure, and white hair told me it was he, whose delightful

piety, whose eloquence, and whose youthful enthusiasm of feeling, I had so often admired.

I stepped eagerly forward, but he did not raise his eyes; I thought I knew some of those who bore the body, and the blood rushed suddenly over my heart, and my temples throbbed, but I followed them into the church. The light fell dimly on the coffin, but I saw there was placed on it, a single *Floure of Souvenance!*

“Great God!” I exclaimed, “can it be?” “Yes,” said a venerable old man, “it is Alice Campbell, the loveliest flower of our vale,” and he wept as he spoke.

I rushed into the open air to breathe more freely, but when I heard the low, solemn chant of the organ, that heart-rending requiem for the dead, and the deep, impressive voice of the venerable priest at the altar, I returned. But it would be as vain for me to attempt to describe the scene, as to express, if language were capable of doing it, my own feelings.

When all was over, I grasped the hand of that holy man, whose tears had flowed as he slowly repeated, "dust to dust," but I could not speak. After a long pause, he said to me, "Her prayer is answered, and she sleeps by the side of Faustino, and those who loved her should not weep that it is so. The Floure of Souvenance, planted by young lovers, will throw its evening odour over this hallowed spot, and both will be consecrated to love and remembrance!"

A few days after, I left the metropolis of literature and of science, of gaiety and of hospitality, and I have never since returned to it; but sunny recollections of the happiness I have enjoyed there, rise often upon my memory, and I desire to renew those impressions, and those friendships, that have survived the events of years, and many singular changes.

When I made my last adieu to that Eden of America, I passed through the village of M——. I stopped at the little church; the bleak winds of Autumn

whistled through the leafless trees around it, but the

“FLOURE OF SOUVENANCE”

bloomed freshly and fragrantly on the lone, melancholy spot, where Faustino and Alice slept!—

*January, 1827.*

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